

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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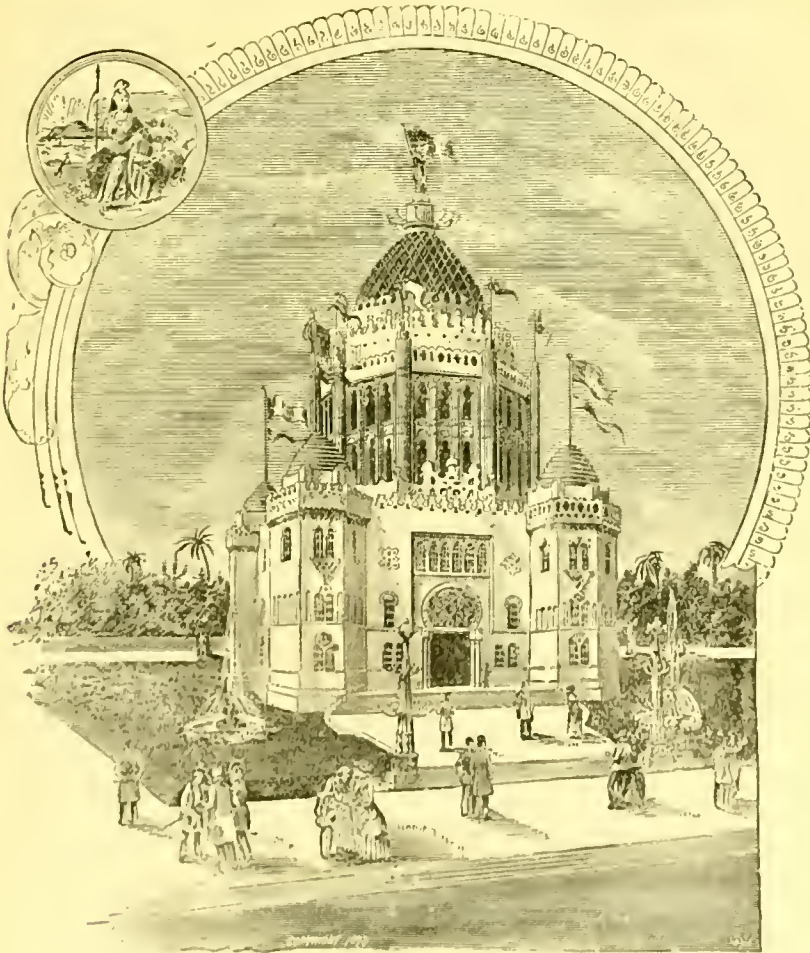
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No. 22.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

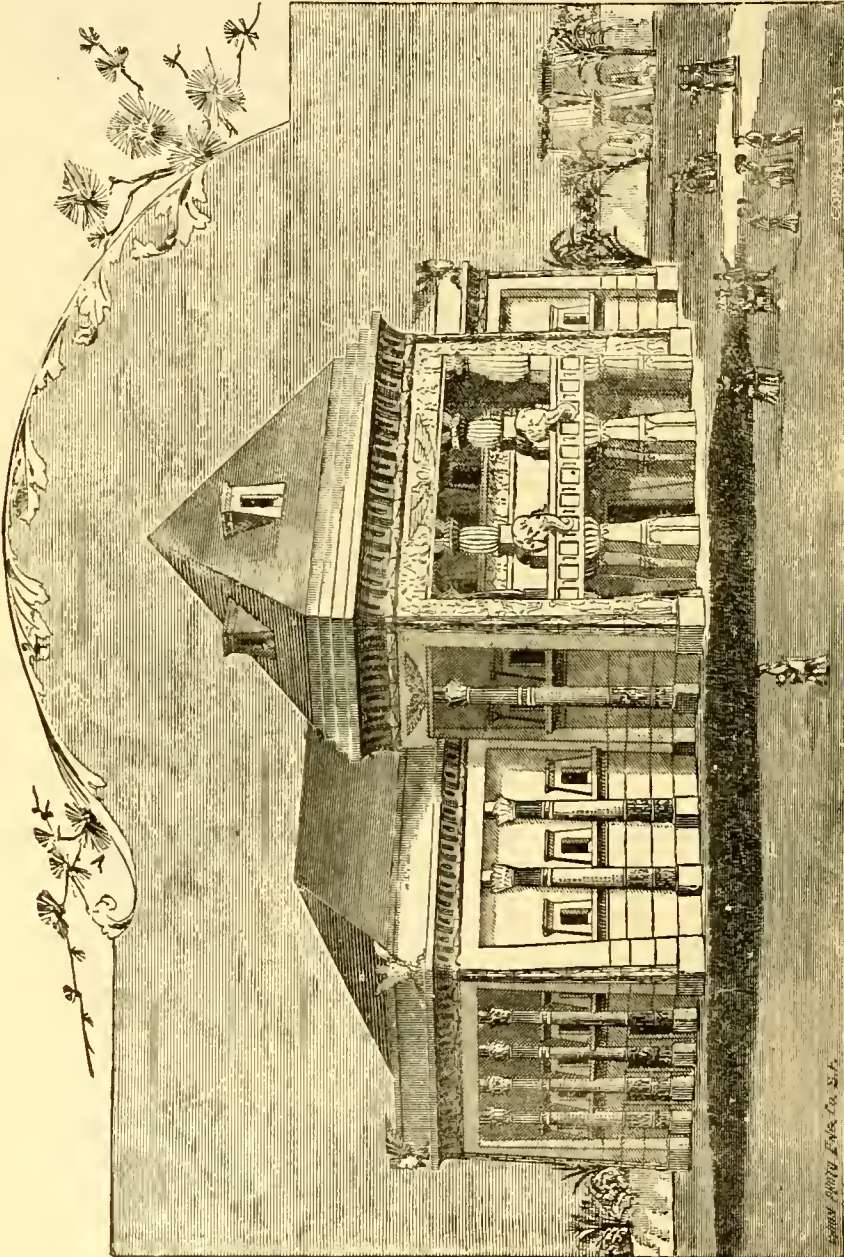
THE MIDWINTER FAIR.

ONE would naturally think that the World's Fair in Chicago, which has but recently closed, and which met with

such abundant success, both as to exhibitors as well as to visitors, would satisfy the people of this country for a long time to come with enterprises of

this character. It seems, however, that the wide-awake people of California are determined to try and do themselves

June 30th, 1894. There is perhaps no spot in the United States where such an undertaking would be more likely to



FINE ARTS BUILDING.

credit by the establishment of what is called the Midwinter Fair in their State, which is to open January 1st, and close

meet with success than in the Golden State of the West, for from all parts of the United States there are people of

means who spend a good part of the winter in the delightful climate of California, the pleasantest season of which is during the months which will be dedicated to the approaching exhibition.

The people of the State hope, by the attractions they offer, to draw many to that place, who will make San Francisco or its neighboring country their permanent home. They also hope to reap some financial benefit from the great



AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL.

influx of sight-seekers who will naturally desire to visit the proposed Fair.

We who live in Utah should feel considerably interested in this undertaking, as Salt Lake City will doubtless be visited by many people traveling westward who have heretofore not seen us in our homes. We should use the opportunity for the dispelling of as much as possible of the prejudice and mistaken notions which exist concerning us. Not



MECHANICAL ARTS BUILDING.

only can we do this by conversations with those who pass through our Territory, but those also who go to California from Utah should feel sufficient interest to use their efforts for the dissemination of correct ideas concerning our beautiful Territory and its industrious and intelligent inhabitants.

We present to our readers some engravings of proposed buildings for this

Midwinter Fair, whose location is to be in Golden Gate Park, than which there is no spot more beautiful in the whole of America. The Administration Building, as will be seen by a glance at the picture, consist of a large, central square, covered by a dome. Four pavillions, one at each of the angles, give it the appearance of solidity and beauty. The dome is 125 feet in height, and has a diameter of 50 feet. The ornamentations of the exterior of this dome, and the splendid decorations of the interior, make this building one of the most striking of all those which it is proposed to erect. As will be readily understood, this structure is to contain the offices of the management, and will also give place to foreign commissioners for their meetings, and also furnish offices for the distribution of general information.



MANUFACTURERS AND LIBERAL ARTS.

The Fine Arts Building is not very pretentious, and yet it is considered one of the most artistic buildings of the entire Fair. The arrangements for art displays in the interior are almost perfect, and will give exhibitors a chance to display their treasures in a manner which is rarely presented. The design of the building is conspicuously Egyptian, and with its sphinxes and massiveness, reminds one strongly of the country of the Nile.

The small illustrations of the Agricultural and Horticultural, Mechanics Art, and Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Buildings, give but a very imperfect idea of the beauty of these structures, which are surpassed by none at the

present time in the State of California, notwithstanding the numerous fine structures with which it can at present boast.

Such exhibitions as the one now proposed are very instructive to those who have the time and means to use in visiting them. We hope arrangements can be made so as to enable many of our people to attend this exhibition. We believe it will be an opportunity which none should miss. We hope that Utah will not be behind in the matter of displaying that with which Nature and industry have so abundantly endowed her.

A.

THE EDGERLY CHILDRENS' THANKSGIVING.

A Story from Real Life.

IT was noon, and dinner was laid in the pleasant little dining-room at the Edgerly cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgerly and the baby were already at the table, the latter tied in a high chair, and stretching out her tiny fists yearningly toward the bright silver fork gleaming luringly beside Brother Vic's prettily painted china plate. The parents were waiting with momentary glances at the clock on the mantel, which showed the hour had arrived for the home-coming of the other two children from school, some two blocks away.

Five minutes more and they came dashing in, and hastily laying aside their hats and wraps, Gertie took her place at the table, whilst Vic hurriedly went to the sink in the kitchen to divest his hands of the earth-marks gained in a game of handspringing and other amateur circus tricks during the short 11 o'clock recess.

Pausing to give the baby a resounding

kiss on her soft cheek, Gertie turned her attention hungrily to the victuals before her, her appetite whetted by the swift race down the hillside with Vic.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, petulantly, however, as her plate was passed her, "haven't we got any other kind of meat for dinner? I'm sick and tired of ham!"

"No, my dear," answered her mother quietly.

"Oh, pshaw! I don't believe I can eat it at all," complained Gertie once more.

"Very well, my girl," answered her father, interrupting his wife who was about to reply. "We don't intend to force you to eat anything you don't want. Just put the slice back on the platter and make out with the rest of the food on the table. I've no doubt you will be just as well satisfied when the meal is over."

Gertie glanced up with a little surprise, and catching the teasing gleam in her father's eye, looked down again quickly at her plate. She did not follow out the suggestion in regard to the meat, however, but commenced to partake of it with pretended reluctance, until, interested in some news about which her parents were conversing, she forgot her declared aversion to the edible, and proceeded to do the large slice which had been allotted her full justice.

Presently Vic, having finished his ablutions, came to the table, pausing, as Gertie had, to do the baby homage, smothering her with a rough, boyish hug, and appeasing her consequent loud wrath by giving her the fork, for whose possession her efforts had been so long directed, a rash surrender, which resulted in her babyship's endeavoring to bring up her plate on its prongs, to the complete annihilation during some ten

or fifteen minutes of the peace of mind of those at the table. When the fork had finally been taken from the yearning and firm little fingers, order was restored, and the meal was continued in harmony, until, the meat and vegetables having been removed, and the sauce, which formed the desert, being brought on, Vic launched out in a scornful tirade against the hospitality, or rather luxury, of a house that could afford no better desert than old-fashioned apple-jelly.

"We've have it every day for the last week," grumbled Vic sarcastically, "and if we don't have a change pretty soon it'll make me sick. Why can't we have some pudding, or pie, or something?"

"Another county heard from!" said Mr. Edgerly (quoting from politics), glancing significantly at Gertie.

"I was under the impression, my dear," said Mrs. Edgerly, "that we have had both pie and pudding during the week; think back, and perhaps you will be able to remember."

"Oh, well, we had pudding yesterday, I know, and pie the day before, but that's only twice this week, and"---

"And today is Wednesday," interrupted Mr. Edgerly.

Vic flushed a little and was silent.

"Emma," continued Mr. Edgerly to his wife, with affected seriousness, "I think the best solution for the problem confronting us is for you to engage board for the children at the hotel. It might suit for a little while, until my mine turns out, or I am sent as Senator to Congress. Then we may be able, perhaps, to furnish a better table for Gertie, Victor, and the marchioness."

Gertie and Vic laughed involuntarily at this speech, and immediately applied themselves to the apple-jelly, both looking a little sheepish. The rest of the meal proceeded in silence, the children

hastening in order to get back in time for the half-past twelve bell at school. As they donned hats and wraps and started to go, Mr. Edgerly turned and said:

"I want you both here when I come home from the office tonight. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, you remember, and I have a little story to tell you that I think will give you a better idea of its meaning than you now have."

"All right, papa," they said, with pleased anticipation, and then hastened away to school.

At half-past two they were home again, and hardly able to content themselves during the hours which must intervene before the home-coming of their father and the relation of the promised story.

"I wonder what it will be about?" said Gertie to Vic, discussing the question for the half-dozen time since the subject had been mentioned.

"Oh, I guess something like those Halloween stories he told us on Halloween night," replied Vic, "with goblins, and spooks, and all the charms the girls try when they want to be married."

"Perhaps it will," Gertie acquiesced. "You know papa told us those stories just to let us know how Halloween came to be Halloween, and I suppose now he is going to tell us the story how Thanksgiving came to be Thanksgiving."

"I hope there'll be lots of goblins in it," quoth doughty Vic.

"My dear," said Mrs. Edgerly, who had caught this much of the conversation going on between the two children, "there is all the difference in the world between a day like Halloween and Thanksgiving. Halloween is a sort of saints' day, or an old-fashioned holiday, devoted entirely to merry-making, and

Thanksgiving is a special day set apart for praise and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father for blessings and mercies bestowed upon the people of our country since it became a nation."

"Oh!" said Vic, with such a droll intonation of disappointment that both his mother and Gertie could not refrain from laughing.

"My dear," said his mother, interpreting Vic's thoughts, "you can be sure that if there are no ghosts or goblins in the story papa will tell you, it will be something well worth hearing if it has anything at all to do with impressing upon your minds the meaning and need of our Thanksgiving for our many blessings."

Spite of his mother's words, Vic seemed to lose something of his interest in the subject of the promised story, and in the evening when Mr. Edgerly came home, and they had eaten supper and repaired to the little sitting-room, bright and cosy with the warmth of the blazing grate, and the reflection of the light from a pink-globed and shaded lamp on the table, it was Gertie who first reminded and asked her father for the promised story.

"It won't have any ghouls or goblins in it, like the Halloween tales you told us, will it papa?" ventured Vic, as they gathered about their father, preparatory to his commencing.

"Yes, my son," answered Mr. Edgerly; "but not exactly of the kind that figured in the others. The names of the ghouls and goblins in the story I'm going to tell you are Hunger, and Want, and Cold, and I fear they will haunt many households during the winter."

The children's faces looked a little sober at this, and drawing his chair up to the fire to complete the circle, their father commenced his story:

"It is far from being a romance or fairy tale I am about to relate," said Mr. Edgerly. "On the contrary, it is a story which, unfortunately, is but too true. The facts as they came to me from good authority were chiefly as follows:

"About two years ago a man named John Bryttan moved from Cincinnati to L——, with his family, which consisted of his wife and four children, all the latter being under ten years of age.

"According to his statements, he had come from Cincinnati to L—— in hopes of getting work, having lost his position in a large shoe manufacturing establishment during a severe illness, his place having been filled by another in his absence.

"Being unable to obtain work in his native city, he decided, after many weeks' weary searching, to try his fortune 'out West,' as the Eastern cities were all crowded with workmen, forced, like himself, to be willing to accept any kind of wages that would provide against starvation.

"With the money left from a small reserve fund, provided by the sale of his home and household effects in Cincinnati, he bought a small and cheap cottage in the —— Ward, and after a short time was fortunate enough to obtain work at his trade, though at very small wages.

"This, however, was sufficient to keep the 'wolf from the door,' and all went reasonably well until the hard times which began with us at the first agitation of the silver repeal bill in Congress, brought about the straightened conditions of affairs with all kinds of business, and the firm by whom he was employed being obliged to discharge a number of their workmen, John Bryttan found himself amongst the unfortunate ones left without work. Then 'hard

times' commenced for him in earnest. Being unable to obtain a position, the few means with which he was supplied soon gave out, and the family became dependent upon the charity of the neighbors for whatever they had of clothing or food. This was necessarily very meagre, as the people about them were poor, having hard work to obtain enough to keep themselves from want.

"One day a man with a garbage wagon paused at the door, asking the way to a spot used as a sort of dump-ground for the entire locality.

"He had"been hired by one of the big hotels to remove the swill and other garbage from the back door-yard, and seeing his cart loaded down with old pieces of wood, tin, cloth, bread, meat, etc., a sudden idea came into John Bryttan's mind.

"Losing no time, he went to one of the large hotels in the city, and going to the door at the rear, asked to see the cook.

"The individual in question came to the door, and John Brytton, pointing to a barrel of broken meats and other victuals outside the door, asked:

"'What do you do with this?'

"'We cart it away, when it's filled up.'

"'You have to pay for the job, don't you?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Have you any objection to letting me have it, if I take it for nothing?'

"'Why no, I presume not.'

"I am without work, and have a wife and four children to feed. I'd be thankful to get the food you throw away like this, to keep them from starving.'

"'Oh, why certainly, if that's the case.'

"'I will be much obliged to you, I assure you.'

"'Don't mention that; it's nothing out of my pocket, or anyone else's, as far as that goes; just so we are not put to any trouble about it.'

"'I'll see that it is taken away.'

"'That's all we want; but I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll tell the waiters to keep the dry sw'—I mean the bread and meat, and things like that, separate, if you like. They can save them in that box there.'

"John Bryttan attempted to reply, but could not speak. Something rose in his throat and choked him, and turning on his heel he walked away.

"That afternoon John went up to one of the wholesale oil and paint establishments, and asked if they had any empty, large oil cans.

"'We've got 'em to sell,' answered the proprietor.

"'Oh! How much are they?'

"'Five cents apiece.'

"'I don't own that much.'

"'Guess we don't trade, then, huh?'

"'I'm 'fraid not. I want two to carry—'

"'Are you willing to do a ten cent job, and take a couple of cans for pay?'

"'I guess so; what is it?'

"'I want someone to help my man here carry a show case down to the — street. The rest of us are all busy.'

"'All right, I'll do it.'

"He went into the shop and helped the man carry the small, upright case to the cigar store; then came back for the cans.

"He took them home and scalded them with hot water; then went to the hotel. He had tied the cans to each end of a stout stick, and after filling them from the barrel, balanced them evenly upon his shoulders and carried them down to the dump-heap in the

empty lot near his own home. He made three trips to empty the barrel, and when he was through it was nearly dark. The cook had saved the scraps left from the midday lunch, in a box at the side of the door, and in his last trip John filled his pockets with them and took them home for supper. It was the first food any of them had had that day.

"The next morning John was feeling ill and lame, and he sent the two oldest children, Jack and Ellie, with a clean, laundried flour-sack to bring the food from the box at the hotel.

"This made their breakfast and lunch, and a second trip in the afternoon provided them with supper.

"Thus it went on for several days. Then one morning the cook sent word by the children that their father must come and empty the barrel. He could not get out until the next day, and when he went he found the barrel empty, and the cook came to the door and told him that another man had 'got the job.' 'I'm sorry about it, but you see the man saw the proprietor himself, and offered to pay fifty cents a load for the swill, provided he could have all that came from the house. We've had our orders to save it all for him, and of course what the boss says goes.'

"'Oh, by all means,' said John. He turned away and went and visited each of the hotels in the city, only to find that they had all made arrangements for disposing of their broken victuals, either in charity or to be sold as swill, and John went home at length, empty-handed and discouraged.

"They had nothing for supper that night, nor for breakfast the next morning. Towards noon a neighbor brought in a pan of flour, and sending for some yeast, Mrs. Bryttan made it into bread.

It lasted them for two days; then for twenty-four hours they did not eat.

"The second morning of their enforced fast, Mrs. Bryttan went out into the yard and gathered some weeds which grew in little patches about the door, and stewed them, and they ate them as a sort of 'greens,' with pepper and salt.

On the fifth day of this diet, Mrs. Bryttan's fortitude gave out, and she went to bed ill. The children, too, were peaked and ailing, and refused to touch any more of the 'greens.'

"On the sixth day John Bryttan went over to the corner store.

"'Have you got any flour?' he asked of the store-keeper.

"'Plenty of it, Mr. Bryttan.'

"'Where is it?'

"'Right across the floor there.'

"'Well, I've got to have some; my wife and children haven't tasted bread for five days. But I haven't got any money just now to pay for it.'

"'I'm sorry, but I can't possibly let it go without pay. You know times are hard for all of us, Mr. Bryttan.'

"John Bryttan walked across to the row of flour-sacks opposite the counter, and selecting one of the smallest, placed it upon his shoulder. The store-keeper started towards him.

"'Oh, no!' he said loudly; 'I guess you won't do that.'

"John made no reply, and brushing past him, walked out of the store. The proprietor started out after him, calling to him in excited tones; but as Bryttan kept on his way in silence, the former came back suddenly into the store.

"A patent alarm-call fixture was placed at the rear of the store, and going to it, he rang the police-call.

"Then he went behind the counter and waited.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

JOHN BURNS stood leaning over his gate one November morning, gazing eagerly up and down the street; then with some misgivings at the sky, and wondered if it would kindly keep its contents till he came back from the canyon. Then he fell to whistling softly while getting his team ready, and guessed in a reasoning way that he could "make it," allright before the threatening snowstorm should break loose. It was rather late, he knew, to go after wood now, and he might have done it before; he would have done so had it not been for this election, which had taken all his time. Not that he had really done anything save hanging around on the street corners. But while all this excitement went on in town, no one could expect him to keep quietly at work away from it. But mighty little had come of his hooting and cheering the respective candidates of his party, since they had been defeated anyway. No, nothing had come of it, except trouble in the family.

Annie had been a good deal put out about his running up town so much doing nothing, and he didn't know but that she had a perfect right to. He knew he had promised her a respectable Thanksgiving dinner, and—and a bonnet. But now that he had laid a whole week's time on the shrine of his country—John Burns was quite a patriot—of course he hadn't earned as much as he had expected, consequently—"Yes I'm coming in a minute, Annie! My lady is put out, sure, or she wouldn't have got breakfast in such haste!"

John and Annie had been lovers during their youth; were married early and had four healthy, hearty children, the eldest being eight years old.

John was a very good young man, "a

bit wild," his wife said, and rather much given to discussing politics of late; "otherwise—hm!"

Annie was—well, Annie was like many good women, pretty cross at times when things didn't take the turn she had marked out for them. Quite sensitive about what her husband said to her; but, unfortunately, not very particular about hurting his feelings. But she loved her John immensely, and never meant half of what she said to him when cross. Breakfast over, Annie caught the baby up and started to dress her. "Hurry up, Will," to her eldest son, "and go and see if you can't catch that rooster. I am set on having company tonight if I have to kill every chicken—sit still, children—and the bonnet—well, I'll go out in the old one every day this winter and never ask you for one again, never. The shame is yours, not mine. A pretty way to treat a wife; but I ought to be used to it by this time; that's the way I've been treated ever since—hand me that shoe, Louise."

Her conscience smote her; for John sat looking quietly at her, slowly turning his moustache, while his handsome face wore a pained expression, and she knew he had often made little sacrifices of his own accord that she might have what she wanted in the way of dresses and bonnets.

"But it's all the fault of that election that you must needs superintend. I hope they may never have another; but if they do, I'm going to have my Thanksgiving dinner before it comes off. Then I'm sure of it. I did have my heart set on that bonnet; but now, of course it's no use talking or even thinking about it."

She looked at her husband inquiringly, but he shook his head and said: "No, Annie, my dear, you must try and be

content without it. I can't get it for you now. Maybe in the spring."

"In the spring! Thank you. No, then I don't want it. I want it now, and if I can't have it now, you needn't trouble yourself about it."

She was ready to cry, and kissed baby's curls tenderly. "I am glad I have my children," she was going to say; but that seemed a little too tragical for the occasion, so she ended with, "I am glad I have some chickens anyway. I shall have my company whether I have anything else or not."

"Yes, so am I. But I'm going now; it's getting late. Good-by, baby; papa's going way off up the canyon after wood, so baby won't freeze. Well, I'm going, mamma. I suppose you don't care what becomes of me; eh-?"

"No."

She meant to have accompanied that with a smile; but he might think she had got over it too easily; so she looked away to little Gus, who was eating molasses with his fingers.

"Get down from that table right this minute. No, I haven't time to kiss you now. Mind you, come home in good time; I'm going to have supper at seven sharp."

John went away, and Annie went to work to clean up the house and get things in shape for the night, and wondered what she had better have instead of cranberry sauce. She finally settled that point to her satisfaction, and then went at the headless rooster with a will. While divesting him of his fine plumage, it began to snow, and she looked a little uneasily out of the window and thought of John. Then she went over the morning's scene in her mind, and came to the conclusion that John really had behaved badly toward her; there was no mistake about that. Of course if

it hadn't been for that horrid, old election John wouldn't have lost his head, but been at his work as usual, and there might not have been a bit of trouble. She wouldn't have made any; never did, unless there was good reason for it, goodness knew. She turned the bird over, and looked out of the window again. The wind had started to blow from the north-west, and the snow whirled about, first lightly over the ground; but it came so fast that it soon began to drift. Annie stood and looked at it, and wished that John hadn't gone this morning. Why he should go today of all days was a mystery to her. Being that he had dilly-dallied so long about it, he might have waited till to-morrow or some other day. They hadn't lived in this place very long, and she feared he was not very well acquainted with the roads.

Perhaps she had been a little hard on him this morning. She went back to her work with a misgiving that perhaps she did not always treat John as well as he deserved, and thought in a vague way that she would try and be better.

She decided she would get him a real nice supper, and when he felt right good afterwards she might renew her propositions about the bonnet. She was well enough acquainted with her John to know that, like most men, the way to his heart was easiest paved with something good to eat. But somehow her work did not progress very fast. The fire wouldn't burn, the cake wouldn't rise, and every little while she must go to the window and see about the weather. It kept growing worse all the time. She thought she wouldn't ask anyone in to supper after all. She guessed John would like it better if they were just themselves.

Towards dusk little Willie said, "after

having been watching the furious storm from the window, "Ma, do you think pa could get lost?" A wild apprehension seized her and drove all the blood from her cheeks. What she had been afraid to think out herself the child had put in words. His fear confirmed her own; but she said in an unsteady voice:

"Get lost? What an idea! Don't talk such nonsense; go and play with Gus." But Gus was asleep under the table, and Willie went over in a corner and sat down on a stool, from whence he looked moodily in the direction of the window.

Supper was ready now, and Annie went listlessly about while setting the table. Surely John would soon be here now, if he came at all, something whispered ever so faintly in her heart. She went into the bedroom and buried her head in the pillows, and prayed to the Lord that He would lead her husband safely home. But the dreadful uneasy feeling that had taken possession of her did not leave. She suddenly bethought herself of John's Sunday coat. How often he had asked her to move some of the buttons so he could fasten them without fear of bursting them off. She went for the garment at once, and after lighting the lamp, moved the buttons and brushed the coat tenderly. Poor, dear John, he should not have to ask her for that again. But perhaps—O heavens, he might never wear it again. She laid her head on the table and began to weep bitterly. The children hastened to her in great alarm and joined in with her.

"What is it, ma? Is pa dead?" sobbed poor Willie, clinging around her neck.

"No, no, children; don't take on so; pa will soon be here," said the mother,

drying her eyes and trying hard to speak in a reassuring way, but failing utterly.

"Come and have some supper now, and then go to bed, children."

But supper, although so well prepared, didn't taste right to the little ones, and they pushed away their plates and looked drearily at the mother, who was in and out of the door all the time, trying to catch the sound of coming wagon wheels. The children were put to bed, and Annie went up the road quite a distance, bravely fighting with the storm. Ah, there in the distance she heard the sound of a heavy wagon coming her way. She flew off towards home as fast as the quite deep snow would allow her, and stood panting and waiting at the door. Not for the world must he find her out looking for him. The sound grew fainter and fainter. It must not have been John. With a heavy heart she went back into the house, put the supper back in the oven and sat down by the fire and nursed her fear and anguish.

John stood before her in his true light, so good, so forbearing, so patient with all her infirmities, and she, how had she treated him? Oh, she could see it all now. How utterly wrong she had acted. How selfish she had been; how exacting; how she had begrudged him the time that he had spent over the election and its probable outcome, which he had taken such a delight in discussing with the other men in the streets. He who otherwise was such a worker, had provided her a comfortable home, and just because she couldn't get that bonnet—oh, how she hated bonnets.

She would never, never have a new one now. What did she care for all the bonnets in the world if John was not there to admire her in them. She had better heap ashes on her head for her

wicked temper; she knew that would be more proper. The clock struck eight, and it struck nine, and still she sat there by the dying embers. It seemed to her that she had lived through a whole life of sorrow. She had seen John white and cold on a stretcher, had seen him borne away to the cemetery, and herself return to her empty home and her fatherless children. She had seen the long dreary future loom up before her, in which she must struggle with want and privation, without his kind, cheering voice to help her on over the rough road.

The clock struck ten, and she fell face downward on the floor sobbing convulsively: "And I would not even kiss him. I had not a kind word for him: Oh, God, be merciful and send him back that I may make up for my wrong-doing."

There was a quick step outside, a stamping of heavy snow feet on the porch, and a firm grip of the door knob. She knew who it was, and flew wildly into his arms as quick as the door was opened, sobbing, and calling him by all the endearing names she could think of. John was pleasantly surprised and very happy, and when the fire had been re-kindled and the supper warmed the two sat down to a very enjoyable Thanksgiving supper, not forgetting to render thanks unto Him who had preserved them for each other. And Annie declares that if she lives a hundred years she never could forget that night, nor the good resolutions she made then. Let us hope it may be so.

Sophy Valentine.

THE rock of salvation is solidity itself: it cannot be shaken either by the doubts of the skeptic, or the sarcasm of the sneerer.

NOTABLE INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

My Samoan Experience.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 635.]

Now that the new missionaries had arrived with a good set of carpenter tools, our Vatia meeting house of coconut wood was finished, and dedicated some few weeks after. This being done, we made ready and waited nearly a week for a favorable wind to take us to Upolu again. This time, however, we were going to stay. We were Brothers Dean, Smoot, Solomon and myself, and our feelings, when the time finally came for separating, cannot be described. Such a brotherly attachment is only realized by those who are or have been in like circumstances.

We were now so accustomed to rough sea voyages that the trip, while a little windy and frequented with rain squalls, was a comparatively pleasant one. We arrived at our Brother Ifopo's village in the late afternoon, having sailed the forty-five miles during the day. As before, Ifo, as we called him, was very pleased to see us, and was anxious that two of us should make his little hut our headquarters for that part of the island. Accordingly Brother Smoot and I left our trunks in his residence, the inside of which was like a smoke-house, and so low at entrance places that our heads were more than once bumped; yet the grounds surrounding this memorable hut were picturesque indeed, and almost in the very door-yard, which was a beautiful lawn, grew the orange, pine-apple, banana, coconut, etc., etc., and many are the Elders who have partaken of the hospitality of this, the best native provider that Samoa had during our pioneering days.

After spending Sunday with our brother, he accompanied us to Apia.

Once more in Apia, we again infringed on Mr. Moore's kindness by "putting up" at his barn again, around which seemed to hang some very unpleasant memories.

The Spirit seemed now to say, "Procure headquarters for the mission." This island too (Apolu) was centrally located, and Apia being now the prospective landing or anchoring place for the mail steamer, we could perceive that eventually the mission's headquarters would necessarily need to be as close to Apia as possible. Ifo had already proffered to help us build a house on land near his house, which land he would give to the Church. While we considered this, an important and an unlooked for proposition, yet our judgment told us that as near Apia as practicable should be the place. We made the question a matter of much prayer, and received an answer in the most unexpected manner possible. The very next day, after prayer meeting, while in Mr. Moore's store, he (Mr. Moore) casually remarked:

"Mr. Dean, I've got the very piece of land you folks are looking for." (This, of course, was before we had mentioned our desires to anyone.)

"How do you know we are looking for a piece of land?" answered Brother Dean.

"Well, of course I don't know," said Mr. Moore, "but judging from what others of your occupation have done, I should think a piece of land close to Apia is what you should have."

He was assured that his idea had long been ours, but that buying in our position was almost out of the question.

He told us that if it was our financial condition that made us hesitate, that could be overcome. "Give your note,"

said he. "I have been through Salt Lake, and had the pleasure of an interview with the Presidency of your Church. Now, you go and look at the land, only a couple of miles up coast, and if it suits, you decide to take it and come and get what materials you want to put up a house, and I'll take your note for the amount."

We expressed our thanks for his appreciated offer, and left him. Our complete and inexpressible surprise was such that we hardly knew whether or not the conversation had really taken place. For the time we forgot our poverty, and felt better than rich. We felt that his confidence was worth more than the amount he would credit us. The next morning we took our boat and rowed up and looked at the land in the small village Fagalii. It was just exactly what we wanted for location, distance from Apia, and everything considered. But before we reported to Mr. Moore, we again laid the matter before our Heavenly Father, who answered by giving us impressions of an unmistakable character, and a day or so later the purchase was consummated.

The next difficulty to surmount was that of money to return to the Island Tutuila, get our tools, bring back Sister Dean, and build our house. This was next to impracticable in our small boat, and the danger, to say nothing of the inconvenience, of bringing a sister and babe in an open boat was more dangerous than advisable; so we again had prayer meeting.

By this time our faith was of such a character that we felt to rejoice day and night. We truly learned that from faith sprang confidence, and that confidence gave us energy in our labors. Seldom is a better feeling felt than we realized that night in meeting in that secluded

barn loft, and before daylight in the morning a knock was heard at the door:

"Mr. Moore sent me to tell you his cutter would leave at daylight for Tutuila," said the voice outside.

We were awake in an instant, and could scarce believe our hearing as he continued, "And thinking some of you might want to go, he said to come and tell you to be ready at the wharf when the tide is high enough," he said, and was gone.

This quick answer really surprised our faith, as Mr. Moore had told us only the day before that he had no business at present to require a trip to Tutuila; but he told us at the wharf when we saw him later that he had decided very suddenly to send over to see how the copra (cocoanut dried) crop was. Probably if we had told him (for we knew of a certainty) why he was going, he would have laughed at us.

The trip was made, and Sister Dean and baby, tools, etc., had a safe landing in Apia, and soon we were located in a native hut we had rented in the village Fagalii, where our land was.

We bought very little lumber, and did the work ourselves. Brothers Dean and Solomon started to build, while Brother Snoot and I went to the east end of the Island Aleipata, Ifopo's district, and started to do missionary work. Before leaving Tutuila one of the Saints, Sister Siliua by name, left for Upolu, but we hadn't learned where she was. We had an idea that she might be in a district called Lepa, but knew nothing definite regarding her. We started, however, from Ifopo's village, Utufalalafa, to find her. The path around the island, or "country road," as we would term it here, was much better than on Tutuila, and the villages almost joined each other. In quite a number of villages

were congregated chiefs in their fonos (council meetings), and almost invariably they would call us in to learn our business, and on finding us to be Mamonas (Mormons) the majority generally treated us very indifferently; yet in every instance, I believe, one or more would soften towards us, sometimes walking some distance with us, expressing their sympathy, and giving us information regarding the path, etc.

It was getting towards the late afternoon when we passed a house where a number of natives were sitting. Our hope of finding her that day was very little, but we had scarcely gone by when a young man came and called us, asking if we were not Mamonas. On answering *ioe* (yes), he invited us back to the house, saying that a woman wanted to see us. We entered the house and immediately found a different feeling toward us; although our native sister, as she told us she was, didn't seem so pleased with our visit as we had expected. Her spirit warmed towards us, however, as she related to those present an instance of healing she had witnessed on one of her children. She told the surprised and interested listeners of her little girl having taken in vain all the medicine the Tahiti (Lutheran) missionaries had given her, and still was sinking until the Mamonas came and administered to it with holy oil, when the child was healed and began to recover at once. This testimony was a most important introduction for us to this new (to us) village, and as we learned afterward, had its effect on those present.

Our native sister, Siliua lived in a village a little to the west, called Siupapa, where she soon took us, and prepared a nice supper, and she began to feel very kindly.

We held crowded meetings the following Sunday, which seemed to arouse the spirit of envy in the midst of the other church members, and they soon called the villagers together to have us expelled from the village. The brother of our sister, however, was a quite important chief, and he very fairly decided that we had equal rights with other churches, and so we commenced little by little to get a firm footing in this district. We held meetings Wednesday and Sunday, and soon had a congregation who, while not yet baptized, were converted, and attended regularly.

Our principal opponents were the native teachers. These teachers are taught by white missionaries in a large school near Apia how to prepare their sermons from the Bible, and they are also taught that they are superior in intelligence to any white man, almost, except, of course, their own white missionaries. They are also familiar with all the falsehoods spread abroad about the Mormons, and being allowed, too, to enlarge and exaggerate at will, they have stories afloat on the islands that were never heard anywhere else. In every village, with very few exceptions, you find either a Lutheran, Wesleyan or Catholic teacher, and in not a few all three, with a few followers, are found.

I remember on entering one house in a strange village while on our way back to Fagalii for mail, we were noticed to enter by the teacher, who lived close by, and he came in and very disrespectfully asked our business, but before we answered, he said he had full control of the minds of the natives of that little village, and we had better leave at once before the natives became angry with us. We were pretty well hardened by this time, however, to such treatment, and politely told him we would see the

chief, in whose house we were. By this time the news of our presence had gathered a large crowd around us. The chief, as it happened, wanted to hear our side, and said we could hold a meeting, and then let their teacher show how little we knew. We agreed, and had a tremendous crowd in attendance, but during the meeting our antagonistic colleague very quietly disappeared, and we heard no more from him, which act, many said, showed his fear, and was a great point for us.

After a trip of over three weeks, we returned to Fagalii, where we found our little house of 16x32 almost completed. For sides and roof we had braided or plaited cocoanut leaves, and large pieces of native cloth for partitions, with mother earth for floor, and we did our cooking in the open air. We were an appreciative and happy family, here in our part native and part foreign-designed house, and while it was not the most convenient, yet it was ours, and after being out among unfriendly (at times) natives, Fagalii was to us what the magnetic pole is to the compass, and in that crude little house were passed some of my pleasantest associations.

Ejay Wood.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH.

[Lectures by Elder James E. Talmage, before the Church University Theology Class, Salt Lake City.]

SUNDAY, Oct. 29, 1893.

INTRODUCTORY.

IMPORTANCE OF THEOLOGICAL STUDY.—

In the short period of time which measures the span of mortal existence, it is not possible for man to explore any considerable portion of the vast realm of knowledge; it becomes, therefore, the part of wisdom to select for study the branches that promise to prove of the

greatest worth. All truth is of value—above price indeed in its place, yet with respect to their possible application, some truths are of incomparably greater worth than are others. A knowledge of the principles of trade is essential to the success of the merchant; an acquaintance with the laws of navigation is demanded of the mariner; familiarity with the relation of soil and crops is indispensable to the farmer; an understanding of the profound principles of mathematics is a necessary part of the astronomer's training; so is a practical knowledge of the things of God essential to the salvation of every human soul that has attained to powers of discretion. The value of theological knowledge, therefore, ought not to be under-rated; it is doubtful if its importance can in any way be over-estimated.

WHAT IS THEOLOGY?—The word "theology" is of Greek origin, a descendant of *Theos*—God, and *logos*—a treatise, or discourse, signifying therefore a knowledge of Divinity, or the science that teaches us of God, implying also the relation existing between God and His creatures. The term is of very ancient usage, and comes to us from heathen sources. Plato and Aristotle speak of theology as the doctrine concerning Deity and divine things. Concisely defined, theology "is that revealed science which treats of the being and attributes of God, His relations to us, the dispensations of His providence, His will with respect to our actions, and His purposes with respect to our end."*

Theological facts have been declared by some to be above reason; this is true in the light in which the same remark might be applied to any other species of

truth, for all truth, being eternal, is superior to reason in the sense of being manifest to reason, and not a creation of reason; yet truths are to be estimated and compared by the exercise of reason.

THE EXTENT OF THEOLOGY.—Who can survey the boundaries of this science? It deals with Deity—the fountain of all knowledge, the source of all wisdom. The industrial pursuits that benefit mankind, the arts that please and refine, the sciences that enlarge and exalt the mind, are but fragments of the great volume of truth that has come to earth from a source of infinite capacity. The comprehensive study of theology, therefore, would embrace all known truths. God has constituted Himself as the great teacher;* by personal manifestations or through the ministrations of His appointed servants, He instructs His mortal children. To Adam He introduced the art of agriculture,† and even taught by example that of tailoring;‡ to Noah and Nephi He gave instructions in ship building;§ Lehi and Nephi were taught of Him in the arts of navigation;|| and for their guidance on the water, as in their journeyings on land, He prepared for them the Liahona,¶ a compass operated by a force more effective than that of terrestrial magnetism; furthermore, Moses received directly divine instructions in architecture,** and Solomon†† was inspired of God in the same art.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION, though closely related, are by no means identi-

* Key to Theology, chap. 1.

† Gen. ii, 8; Pearl of Great Price.

‡ Gen. iii, 21; Pearl of Great Price.

§ Gen. vi, 14; I. Nephi, xviii, 8; xviii, 1-4.

|| I. Nephi, xviii, 12, 21.

¶ I. Nephi xvi, 10, 16, 26-30; xviii, 12, 21; Alma xxxvii, 38.

** Exo. xxv, xxvi, xxvii.

†† I Kings vi

* Buck: See Doc. & Cov. supplement to Lecture I. on Faith.

cal. A person may be deeply versed in theological lore, and yet be lacking in religious, and even in moral traits. Theology may be compared to theory, while religion represents practice; if theology be precept, then religion is example. Each should be the complement of the other; theological knowledge should strengthen religious faith and practice. As taught by the Latter-day Saints, theology comprehends the whole scheme of the gospel.

The beliefs and authorized practices of most religious sects are usually set forth in formal creeds, which are announced as the theological platforms of those denominations. The Latter-day Saints put forth no creed in the sense of a complete code of their faith; for though the precepts of eternal life are unchangeable, the principle of continuous revelation is a characteristic feature of our belief. We do not consider that the fullness of the gospel has been generally comprehended by man; but that principles and powers other than those now possessed will yet be given from heaven. However, when asked for a concise presentation of the principal religious views of his people, the Prophet Joseph Smith announced a declaration of belief consisting of thirteen articles, termed, "The Articles of Faith of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." These include the more essential and characteristic features of the gospel, as accepted and practiced by this Church, but they are not complete as an exposition of our belief, for by one of the articles themselves we declare that "We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal, and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God." From the time of their first promulgation,

the "Articles of Faith" have been accepted by the people (see note 1), and on October 6, 1890, the Latter-day Saints in general conference assembled, re-adopted the "Articles" as their rule in faith and conduct. As these "Articles of Faith" present the leading tenets of the Church in systematic order, they suggest themselves as a convenient outline for our plan of study; and it is proposed that in our present classwork we consider them separately.

JOSEPH SMITH, whose name is appended to the "Articles of Faith," was the prophet through whose instrumentality the Lord restored to earth in this day the gospel, in accordance with declarations made in previous dispensations. The question of the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission is an all-important one to all earnest investigators of Latter-day Saint doctrines. If his claims to divine appointment be fallacious, forming as they do the foundation of this work, the superstructure can be in no way stable; if, on the other hand, his purported ordination to the ministry under the hands of heavenly personages be a fact, one need wonder no longer at the phenomenal growth of the Church of Jesus Christ from the seed which he has planted.

The circumstances of God's dealings with Joseph Smith, the miraculous development of the work instituted by him, the fulfillment through his instrumentality of many of the mightiest prophecies of old, his own prophetic utterances, and their literal realization, and the many manifestations of divine power in his behalf, will surely convince the unprejudiced enquirer that the mission of Joseph Smith is from God.

[Here followed a graphic description of the conditions which led the boy, Joseph, to the Lord for information concerning

the true Church; of his first prayer; and the glorious appearance unto him of the Father and the Son; of the persecution that followed his testimony of the vision; of the visits of the angel Moroni; of his receiving the plates of the Book of Mormon from the angel; of his baptism and the bestowal of the Aaronic and the Melchisedek Priesthood upon him; of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; and of the Prophet's martyrdom. This, through lack of space, is, with the author's sanction, omitted from the present report.—ED.]

THE STANDARD WORKS OF THE CHURCH form our written authority in doctrine; to these we shall frequently refer in our theological studies, but they are by no means our only source of information on matters divine. We believe that God is as willing today as He ever has been to reveal His mind and will to man, and that He does so through His chosen and appointed channels. We rely, therefore, on the teachings of the living oracles of God, as those men are inspired, and directed by the authority and power of the Holy Priesthood. The written works adopted by the vote of the people, as their guides in faith and doctrine, are four, — Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price. Numerous other books are used in study and reference, but those named are the only regularly constituted standard works of the Church.

FIRST ARTICLE OF FAITH.

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost."

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.—This subject claims first place in our study of the doctrines of this Church; for, faith in God constitutes the foundation of all

religious belief and practice, and a knowledge of the attributes and character of Deity, is necessary to enable us to intelligently exercise faith in Him.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD is accepted by the human family in general as a fact beyond dispute. The multiple proofs upon which this belief is founded may be classified under the three following heads: (1) human reason, (2) history, (3) direct revelation from God Himself.

(1) *Human reason*, operating upon observations of the things of Nature, strongly declares the existence of God. Every observer must be impressed by the evidences of order and system among created things, and by the absence of superfluities in Nature. He notes the orderly succession of day and night providing alternate periods of work and rest for man, animals, and vegetables; the sequence of the seasons, each with its longer periods of labor and recuperation for the earth: the mutual dependence of animals and plants, the circulation of water from sea to cloud, from cloud to earth again, sustaining the fertility of the soil. As man proceeds to the closer examination of things, he finds that by study and scientific investigation these proofs are multiplied many fold. He may learn something of the laws by which earth and its associated worlds are governed in their orbits; by which satellites are held subordinate to planets, and planets to suns; he may behold the marvels of vegetable and animal anatomy, and the surpassing mechanism of his own body; and with such appeals to his reason increasing at every step, his wonder as to who made all this, gives place to inexpressible admiration for the Creator whose presence and power are thus so forcibly proclaimed; and the observer becomes a worshiper. (Note 2).

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."* In the scriptures, the word fool† is used to designate a wicked man, one who has forfeited his wisdom by a long course of wrong doing, bringing darkness over his mind in place of light, and ignorance instead of knowledge. By such a course the mind becomes depraved and incapable of appreciating the finer arguments of Nature. A willful sinner grows deaf to the voice of reason in holy things, and loses the privilege of communing with his Maker, thus forfeiting the strongest means of attaining a knowledge of God.

(2) *History* as written by man gives evidence of the existence of Deity. The most ancient record extant, the Bible, names God as the Creator of all things,‡ and moreover, declares that He revealed Himself to our first earthly parents, and to many other holy personages in the early days of the world. Adam and Eve heard His voice§ in the Garden, and even after their transgression they continued to call upon God, and to sacrifice to Him. It is plain, therefore, that they carried with them from the Garden a knowledge of God. After their expulsion they heard "the voice of the Lord from the way toward the Garden of Eden," though they saw Him not; and He gave unto them commandments, which they obeyed. Then came to Adam an angelic messenger, and the Holy Ghost fell upon the man and bare record of the Father and the Son.||

Cain and Abel learned of God from the teachings of their parents, as well as from personal ministrations. After

the acceptance of Abel's offering, and the rejection of Cain's, followed by Cain's terrible crime of fratricide, the Lord talked with Cain, and Cain answered the Lord.* Cain must, therefore, have taken a personal knowledge of God from Eden into the land of darkness where he went to dwell.† Adam lived to be 930 years old and many children were born unto him. Them he instructed in the fear of God, and many of them received direct ministrations. Of Adam's descendants, Seth, Enos, Canan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, Methuselah, and Lamech the father of Noah, each representing a distinct generation, were all living during Adam's lifetime.

Through the medium of Noah and his family, a knowledge of God, by direct tradition, was carried beyond the flood; Noah held direct communication with God,‡ and lived to instruct ten generations of his descendants. Then followed Abraham, who also enjoyed direct communion with the Creator,§ and after him Isaac, and Jacob, or Israel, among whose descendants the Lord wrought such wonders through the instrumentality of Moses. Thus, even if there had been no written records, tradition preserved a knowledge of God.

The universal consent of mankind to the existence of God is another corroborative historical truth. There is a filial passion within human nature which flames toward heaven. Every nation, every tribe, every individual yearns for some object of worship. It is natural for man to worship; his soul is unsatisfied till it finds a deity. When men through transgression first fell into darkness concerning the true and living God,

* Psalms xiv, 1

† Proverbs i, 7; x, 21; xiv, 9.

‡ Genesis, chap. 1.

§ Genesis iii, 8, and Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham.

|| Pearl of Great Price, Book of Abraham.

* Genesis iv, 3-16; and Pearl of Great Price.

† Genesis iv, 4-5.

‡ Genesis vi, 13; and succeeding chapters.

§ Genesis xii, and succeeding chapter.

they established for themselves other deities, and so arose the abominations of idolatry. And yet, terrible as these practices are, even the most revolting of idolatries, testify to the existence of a God by declaring man's hereditary passion for worship.

(3) *Revelation* gives to man his fullest knowledge of God. We are not left wholly to the exercise of fallible reasoning powers, nor to the testimony of others for a knowledge of our Heavenly Father; we may know Him for ourselves. In the present age God has revealed, and does still reveal Himself to His children. Joseph Smith, an illiterate farm boy, received through his faith and sincerity, revelations of God's power, and as he grew in faith his knowledge increased. By upright conduct, by prayerful endeavors to do the will of God, man may receive divine manifestations, which will give to him a true knowledge of his Creator. These may be made through the medium of angels' visits, through dreams and visions, or through any other of the gifts of the Spirit, and particularly by the promptings of a conscience, pure and undefiled, through which God may speak to the heart. (See note 3).

THE GODHEAD: THE TRINITY.—Three personages belonging to the great presiding council of the universe, have revealed themselves to man, (1) God the Eternal Father, (2) His Son, Jesus Christ, (3) the Holy Ghost. That these three are separate individuals, distinct from each other is very plainly proved by the accepted records of the divine dealings with man. On the occasion of the Savior's* baptism, John recognized the sign of the Holy Ghost; he saw before him the Christ, upon whom he had performed the holy ordinance, and he heard the voice of the Father declaring, "This

is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

The Savior promised His disciples that the Comforter,* which is the Holy Ghost, should be sent unto them by His Father: here again are the three members of the Godhead distinctly referred to. Stephen, at the time of his martyrdom, was blessed with the power of heavenly vision, and he saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God.†

Joseph Smith while calling upon the Lord in fervent prayer for wisdom to guide him in his religious professions, saw the Father and the Son, standing in the midst of light which shamed the brightness of the sun, one of these declared of the other. "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

Each of the members of the Trinity is called God;‡ together they constitute the Godhead.

UNITY OF THE GODHEAD.—The Godhead is a type of unity in the attributes, powers, and purposes of its members. Jesus while on earth§ and in manifesting Himself to His Nephite servants|| has repeatedly testified of the unity existing among the Father, Himself and the Holy Ghost. By some this has been construed to mean that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are one in substance and in person, that the names in reality represent the same individual under different aspects. A single reference to prove the error of this view may suffice.—Immediately before His betrayal, Christ prayed for His disciples, the Twelve, and other converts, that they should be preserved in unity,¶ "that

* John xiv, 26; xv, 26.

† Acts vii: 55-56

‡ I Cor. viii, 6; John i, 1, 14; Matthew iv, 10; I Tim. iii, 16; I John v, 7; Mosiah, xv, 1, 2.

§ John x, 30; xvii, 11, 22.

|| I Nephi xi, 27, 36; xxviii, 10; see also Alma xi, 44.

¶ John xvii, 11-21.

* Matt, iii, 16-17.

they all may be one" as the Father and the Son were one. It is absurd to think that Christ desired His followers to lose their individuality and become one person, even if a change so directly opposed to the laws of nature were possible. Christ desired that all should be united in heart, and spirit, and purpose; for such is the unity between His Father and Himself, and between them both and the Holy Ghost. (See note 4.)

PERSONALITY OF GOD.—From the evidence already presented, it is clear that the Father is a personal being, possessing a definite form, with bodily parts, and spiritual passions. Jesus Christ lived among men as a man, with all the physical characteristics of a human being; after His resurrection He appeared in the same form;* in that form He ascended into heaven;† and in that form He has manifested Himself to the Nephites, and to modern prophets. Now we are assured that Christ was in the express image of His Father,‡ after which image man also has been created.§ Therefore we know that both the Father and the Son are in form and stature perfect men; each of them possesses a tangible body, infinitely pure and perfect, and attended by transcendent glory, yet a body of flesh and bone.¶ (See note 5.) The Holy Ghost, called also Spirit, and Spirit of the Lord,** Spirit of God,†† Comforter‡‡, and Spirit of Truth,§§ is not tabernacled in a body of flesh and

bone, but is a personage of spirit;* yet we know that the Spirit has manifested Himself in the form of a man.† It is by the ministrations of the Spirit that the Father and the Son operate in their dealings with mankind;‡ through Him knowledge is communicated,§ and by Him the great works of the Creator are carried on.|| The Holy Ghost is the witness of the Father and the Son,¶ declaring to man their attributes, bearing record of the other personages of the Godhead.

SOME OF THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.—*God is omnipresent* in Nature; there is no part of creation, however remote, into which He cannot penetrate; by the power of the Holy Ghost, the Godhead, is in direct communication with all things at all times. It has been said, therefore, that God is everywhere present at the same time; but is unreasonable to suppose that the actual person of any one member of the Godhead can be in more than one place at one time. The senses of God are of infinite power, His mind of unlimited capacity; His eye can penetrate all space, His ear can comprehend every sound; His powers of transferring Himself from place to place are not limited by time or space; it is however a wrong conception to suppose His body in several places at once.

God is omniscient. There is nothing in the physical or spiritual universe

* John xx, 14-15, 19-20, 26-27; xxi, 1-14. Matt. xxviii, 9; Luke xxiv, 15-31, 36-44.

† Acts, i, 9-11.

‡ Heb. i, 3.

§ Genesis i, 26-27; James iii, 8-9.

¶ Doe. & Cov. cxxx, 22.

** 1 Nephi iv, 6, xi, 8; xiii, 12; Mos. xiii, 5. Acts ii, 4; viii, 29; x, 19; Rom. viii, 10, 26; 1 Thess. v, 19-20.

†† Matt. iii, 16; xii, 28.

‡‡ John xiv, 16.

§§ John xv, 26; xvi, 13.

* Doe. & Cov. cxxx, 22; also Fifth Lecture on Faith, 23.

† 1 Nephi, xi, 11.

‡ Nch. ix, 30; Isa. xlii, 1; Acts x, 19; Alma xii, 3; Doe. & Cov. cv, 36; xevii, 1.

§ John xvi, 13; 1 Nephi, x, 19; Doe. & Cov. xxxv, 13; i, 10.

|| Gen. i, 2; Job xxvi, 13; Psalm civ, 30; Doe. & Cov. xxix, 31.

¶ Acts v, 32, xx, 23; 1 Cor. ii, 11, xii, 3; III Nephi xi, 32.

which He has not created; every property of matter He has ordained, every law He has framed. He possesses, therefore, a perfect knowledge of all His works. His power cannot be comprehended by man; God's wisdom is infinite.

God is omnipotent. He is properly called the Almighty. Man can see proofs of the divine omnipotence on every hand in the forces that control the elements of earth; that guide the orbs of heaven in their prescribed courses; all are working together for the common good. There can be no limits to the powers of God; whatever His wisdom indicates as fit to be done He can and will do.

God is a kind, benevolent and loving Being, tender, considerate and long-suffering, bearing patiently with the frailties of His wayward children. He is just, yet merciful in judgment,† showing favor to all alike, and yet combining with these gentler qualities, a firmness almost amounting to fierceness in avenging wrongs.* He is jealous† of His own power, and the reverence paid to Him by His children; that is to say He is zealous for the principles of truth and purity, which are nowhere exemplified in a higher degree than in His personal attributes. This Being is the Author of our existence. Him we are permitted to approach as Father. Our faith will increase in Him as we learn of Him. A knowledge of God constitutes eternal life, the greatest of all the divine gifts to man.

NOTES.

1. THE "ARTICLES OF FAITH" date from March 1, 1841. They constitute a portion of a letter from the Prophet Joseph Smith to a Mr. Wentworth, of Chicago. The "Articles" were published in the History of Joseph Smith: (See *Millennial Star*, vol. xix, p. 120; also *Times and Seasons*, vol. III, p. 709.)

2. GOD IN NATURE. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the most critical of scientific workers, in writing to his friend Dr. Bentley, in 1692, said in reference to the natural universe: "To make such a system, with all its motions required a Cause which understood and compared together the quantities of matter in the several bodies of the sun and planets, and the gravitating powers resulting from them, the several distances of the primary planets from the sun, and of the secondary ones from Saturn, Jupiter, and the earth; and the velocities with which these planets could revolve about those quantities of matter in the central bodies; and to compare and adjust all these things together in so great a variety of bodies argues the Cause to be not blind and fortuitous, but very well skilled in mechanics and geometry."

3. JOSEPH SMITH'S FIRST VISION. Joseph Smith, a farmer's boy, when fifteen years of age, then living with his parents at Manchester, Wayne County, New York, became greatly exercised in soul over the great discrepancies, and the serious conflicts existing among the various religious sects of the day. In searching the scriptures he was much impressed by the admonition of James (Chap. I: 5,) "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." He resolved to act upon this instruction, and sought a secluded spot in the woods to offer his petitions. He says, "After I had retired into the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time, as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But, exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink with despair and abandon myself to destruction, not to an imaginary ruin, but to the power of some actual being from the unseen world, who had such a marvelous power as I had never before felt in any being; just at that moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly above my head, above the brightness of the sun, which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing

* Ex. xx, 5. Deut. vii, 21; x, 17. Psal. vii, 11.

† Ex. xx, 5; xxxiv, 14. Deut. iv, 24; vi, 14, 15. Josh. xxiv, 19, 20.

‡ Deut. iv, 31. II. Chron. xxx, 9. Ex. xxxiv, 6. Neh. ix, 17, 31. Psalm cxvi, 5; ciii, 8; lxxxvi, 15. Jer. xxxii, 18. Ex. xx, 6.

above me in the air. One of them spake unto me calling me by name, and said (pointing to the other), "*This is my beloved Son, hear him.*"

4. **THE UNITY OF THE GODHEAD.** Orson Pratt one of our modern apostles has given this illustration of the oneness of the Godhead: "The Godhead may be further illustrated by a council, consisting of three men—all possessing equal wisdom, knowledge and truth, together with equal qualifications in every respect. Each person would be a separate distinct person or substance from the other two, and yet the three would form but one council. Each alone possesses by supposition the same wisdom and truth that the three united, or the one council possesses. The union of the three men in one council would not increase the knowledge or wisdom of either. Each man would be one part of the council, when reference is made to his person, but the wisdom and truth of each man would be the whole wisdom and truth of the council, and not a part. If it were possible to divide truth and other qualities of a similar nature into fractions, so that the Father should have the third part of truth, the third part of wisdom, the third part of knowledge, the third part of love, while the Son and the Holy Ghost possessed the other two thirds of these qualities or affections, then neither of these persons could make 'one God,' but only a part of a God." But because the divisibility of wisdom, truth or love is impossible, the whole of these qualities dwell in the Father, the whole dwells in the Son, the whole is possessed by the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is one part of the Godhead in essence, but the whole of God in wisdom, truth and other similar qualities. If a truth could become three truths, distinct from each other, by dwelling in three substances then there would be three Gods instead of one. But as it is, the trinity is three in essence, but one in truth and other similar principles. The oneness of the Godhead, as described in the scriptures, never was intended to apply to the essence, but only to the perfections and other attributes.

5. **MAN AFTER GOD'S IMAGE.** Joseph Smith who beheld the persons of the Father and the Son (See note 3 above), declared to the Saints: "God Himself was once Himself as we are now, and is an exalted man, and sits enthroned in yonder heavens. That is the great secret. If the veil were rent today and the great God who holds this world in its orbit, and who upholds all worlds and all things by His power was to make Himself visible,—I say, if you were to see Him today, you would see Him like a man in form—like ourselves, in all the person, image, and very form as a man, for Adam was created in the very fashion, image, and likeness of God, and received instruction from, and walked and talked and conversed with Him, as one man talks and communicates with another."—*Journal of Discourses Vol. VI, page 3*

REMORSE is the echo of lost virtue.

SATISFACTION.

A CAPTAIN of infantry during a conversation with the great Conde had defended his opinion concerning a certain subject with such warmth that the Prince finally lost his temper and struck the soldier in the face with his glove. The captain, who was himself one of the nobility, was so incensed at the insult that he determined to have satisfaction at any cost. Meeting the Prince alone shortly afterwards the nobleman told him he could not pass unnoticed the degradation to which he had been subjected, even though Conde were his superior and had done him personal service, which he could never repay.

"I understand you," said the Prince, "and am pleased with your valor." Whereupon the place of meeting was arranged.

Punctually at the time appointed the nobleman appeared on the field of honor, and shortly thereafter the Prince came riding a beautiful horse. As he came near his opponent, he dismounted and said: "My dear sir, if you are the victor in this encounter, and thereafter fear that you will not be secure from arrest, here is my horse, and in the saddle-bags you will find one hundred louis d'or; these will enable you to escape." Then he took his position.

The captain, however, extended to him the hilt of his sword, saying: "I have had satisfaction, monsieur, in the fact that so great a Prince as yourself should acknowledge my challenge and appear before me. Heaven forbid that I should go further—my honor is sustained."

The Prince warmly embraced him and promised him his protection and care. D. U.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1893.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Don't Kill the Birds.

MR. WILLIAM H. HUDSON, the well-known English naturalist, protests in vigorous language against the fashion which is now being revived of using feathers in millinery. He has written a pamphlet on the subject for the Society for the Protection of Birds, in which he describes how the feathers used in adorning ladies' bonnets and hats are obtained. He says that the hunter chooses his time when the young birds are not yet able to fly, because at that time the parent will not go far from the nest. At such times, if they are approached by a man, the birds take wing and hover in a cloud over his head, and they are easily shot down. When the killing is finished and the few handfuls of feathers have been plucked out, the slaughtered birds are left in a white heap to fester in the sun and wind in sight of their orphaned young, that cry for food and are not fed. He appeals to women to abolish the fashion, and not adorn themselves with feathers which are obtained at such a sacrifice. Women are asked how long they will tolerate a fashion which involves such wholesale, wanton and hideous cruelty as this.

This is a subject that ought to appeal strongly to us in this country. When a woman adorns herself with the plumage of a dead bird, which can only be obtained by killing the bird itself, she ought to think at what a cost the feathers have been obtained, and with

that, also remember how the little fledglings have probably died of starvation in a deserted nest, and all this that she may appear to advantage in the realm of fashion! If this subject were brought fairly before tender-hearted and reflecting women, there are none of them who would care to wear the feathers of birds thus cruelly slaughtered.

A fashion of this character should not prevail among us, any more than a fashion of wearing the savage ornaments which the squaws of our native races are fond of decorating themselves with. It is strange that in countries like the United States and Great Britain such a fashion can prevail. The vanity that prompts such a method of ornamenting is detestable, and no woman of right feeling could give it the least support.

Mr. Hudson thinks that there is great danger of many beautiful species of birds being entirely destroyed through the practice which prevails of obtaining their feathers to gratify the vanity of those who are determined to be fashionable.

The children of the Latter-day Saints should be taught better things. Our religion teaches us that human life is most sacred and should not be wantonly taken. The Lord also has spoken with great plainness concerning the animal creation. The beasts, fowls and fishes are all the creation of His power and their lives are precious in His sight. No properly constituted person will lightly take the life of any creature; and every girl should be taught that it is wrong to adorn herself with feathers obtained from the slaughter of birds. Animals, fowls and fish are created for the use of man; but their lives should not be wasted. They are to supply the wants of man, not to be slaughtered for mere amusement or for the gratification

of vanity. It is strange that there should be such a desire on the part of human beings of our race to kill birds for the mere pleasure of shooting them. The first impulse with many boys and men, when they have guns in their hands and they see birds flying or wild animals running, is to shoot, though they have no use whatever for the animals or fowls thus killed. Probably after they have shot, their victims are left to rot on the ground. Such a practice is murderous, and we think that our boys should be taught by their parents that it is wicked to take the life even of the humblest animal or the most insignificant bird. They should not shed blood, only when it is necessary to procure food. To merely go out "gunning" for pleasure is wrong.

It is not the design of the Lord that men should prey upon the animal creation and destroy them, beyond that which is necessary to sustain their lives; and while this disposition to kill prevails the predictions of the prophets will not be fulfilled concerning the time when

Righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together: the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

These predictions will only be fulfilled through men observing the counsel which the Lord has given concerning the works of His hand.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

No Discouragement for Saints.

THERE is one characteristic that has been exhibited by the Latter-day Saints

from the beginning, and that is, entire confidence in the eventual success and triumph of the work of God with which they are connected. When the Church had so few members that they could all meet in a log schoolhouse, predictions were freely uttered and testimonies given by them that the Church of Christ, which had then been founded, should continue to grow and increase until its power would fill the earth. Such testimonies when listened to by unbelievers seemed to them ridiculous; they either excited their laughter or they provoked their derision and anger. Men grew mad at listening to such language, for they considered it boastful and absurd. Afterwards when the Saints were persecuted and driven from their homes their afflictions had no effect upon them to cool their courage or to weaken their confidence in the ultimate success of the doctrines which they had espoused. They did not waver or talk in doubtful terms about the future, but were as positive that the work would be victorious as if the victory had already been achieved.

There is something very remarkable in the existence of this feeling—this perfect and undoubting confidence with which the Latter-day Saints are filled concerning the future of the gospel and of the Church. In the darkest hours, in the most severe trials, when every hope seemed shattered, they felt buoyant and cheerful and full of the assurance that there was a great destiny in store for their religion and for its believers. They were full of the spirit of prophecy concerning that destiny, and always talked of the future and its glories as though they already beheld them.

There have been many trials through which the Latter-day Saints have passed that would have discouraged any people not inspired by the hopes which they

entertained. When they were driven out of Missouri, in the midst of an inclement winter, what earthly ground was there for the anticipations which they indulged in concerning the future glories of Zion? The prospect seemed most dreary. A spirit of antagonism reigned of the most deadly character. It appeared as though there was not a spot left whereon they could rest in peace. So afterwards at Nauvoo, Illinois' civilization repelled them and thrust them out. There was no room for such as they within its borders. Every appeal for sympathy was disregarded, and the only opening that presented itself was the wilderness.

But did these adverse circumstances extinguish the glorious anticipations which were almost the theme of every meeting and the burden of every song? No; their hopes were as lofty as ever, and they looked forward with implicit confidence to the day when Zion would be redeemed and when all that had been predicted concerning her redemption and future glory would be fulfilled.

The scenes of the past forty-six years are vividly before our eyes. We have had hours as dark as ever confronted any people, when the clouds have been so dense that no human eye could penetrate them, and look in what direction one might, the way of escape seemed impenetrable. Yet even under those circumstances the faith of the Latter-day Saints and their confidence in their future destiny was unshaken.

It is this feeling that has given them courage to endure and to pass through without flinching the adverse circumstances and severe afflictions with which they have had to contend. Every true Latter-day Saint feels that the future of the Church will be glorious, and that the principles in which we believe must receive universal acceptance. Not a doubt

concerning this ever enters into his heart. The reason is that he has a testimony from God that it is His truth, and that it must prevail; that the set time has come to favor Zion, and for the great events of the last days to take place. However forbidding the prospect may be, and however dark the horizon, his faith in this is never disturbed, because he has received a testimony from the Lord that this will be the future of the present movement to establish a reign of righteousness on the earth. Other religious peoples may have anticipations concerning religion and the work that it is to accomplish; but in the case of the Latter-day Saints it is more than this. They have not only a positive conviction, but they have unfailing knowledge that the system with which they are connected will surmount every obstacle, will overcome every opposing force, will emerge from every trial stronger and better prepared to cope with the difficulties that lie before it, and become triumphant.

It is one of the remarkable things connected with this remarkable work that this feeling which I have attempted to describe is not confined to a few individuals, to a particular party, or to one nationality; but it is as extensive as obedience to its principles; for every soul, who has received the principles of the gospel and obeyed its ordinances in sincerity possesses this knowledge and rejoices in it.

It is this which constitutes the strength of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is not its numbers; it is not its wealth; it is not the advantages of its position; but it is the testimony received from on high concerning this work and its perpetuity and its universality, which, under the most adverse circumstances, has never deserted those who possess it.

The Editor.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

A Description of the Shoshone Falls.

WINDING through a deep canyon, lined by majestic walls of lava rock, the mighty Snake River reaches one of the grandest and most picturesque scenes in the world—the Shoshone Falls.

It would seem that the stream was embedded deeply enough into the bosom of the earth without making such an abrupt descent as it does at the Falls. The river is divided by several small islands. On some of these may be seen scrub cedars; and, as these are places of safety from man or beast, because of the raging current, eagles and other large birds have made them places of abode.

The water makes many foaming cataracts among these islands, and then rushes furiously forward as though eager to make the terrible leap.

The cliff over which the torrent casts itself is semi-circular, with the convex side turned up the stream. As the water reels over the ledge into the chasm, it is blanched as if from very fear to a snow-whiteness. Two hundred and ten feet below the mass comes to the earth again with a deafening roar. A heavy spray rises a great distance into the air, and the sunlight striking it, forms a beautiful and perfect rainbow, spanning the gorge.

In looking down over the awful precipice, the eye, through the misty air, catches sight of beautiful lawns, with here and there graceful red-cedar trees growing straight as an arrow, some of them over fifty feet high, and covered with the ruins of falling spray. On

searching for some means of descent, we find a narrow, steep trail, supplemented here and there by ladders, and a wire rope for steadying one's gait down the chasm.

While gazing on these sights a vivid picture of one of the wonders of Nature is written upon the mind. The visitor is overwhelmed with inexpressible emotions, and he feels to say, "Surely the God of Nature rules."

Z. N. Decker.

HONESTY.

My young brothers and sisters, I wish to tell you of the honesty of a poor little Mormon girl who lived beside our family in the old country.

Her parents were very poor, and were unable to provide her with any such nice dresses and shoes as we have got.

But this little girl would always come to meeting, no matter how shabby her clothes or how cold the weather.

One Wednesday night as she was returning from a meeting of the Saints, in company with another little girl, she espied a lady's purse lying before her on the footpath. She stooped and picked it up, and on opening it found it to contain a large quantity of silver and some little mementos.

"What a find!" exclaimed her companion. "You must treat; let us go and buy some ice cream and cake."

The two little girls went up to a confectioner's shop, but when they got there they found it had been closed for the night, and so they decided to wait till the morning.

When Annie got home that night she did not tell anyone about her find, but the next morning she showed the purse to her brother, told him how she came by it, and offered him some of the money, telling him she was going to

buy a nice pair of shoes and a hat with the balance.

"But you know, Annie," said her brother, "that we have made a covenant with the Lord to be honest, for we say in our Articles of Faith that 'we believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, and virtuous,' and if we should keep this money, which does not belong to us, we would not only be acting dishonestly, but we would be denying the Articles of our Faith."

"But I have no idea who lost it," said Annie.

"No, but we must try and find out," answered her brother.

"I tell you what I will do," said Annie: "I will keep the purse for three days, and you can watch the papers and see if it be advertised for; if so, I will give it up; if not, I think I shall then have a right to keep it."

"All right," said her brother.

At the end of three days no one had advertised having lost the purse, so Annie asked her brother if she might now use some of its contents.

"No, Annie," he replied. "We must try again. We will advertise, and if we cannot find the owner, then you can keep the purse."

Annie consented, and the next day the papers contained an advertisement of the finding of the purse, and said the owner could have the same by describing the contents and applying to Annie.

That evening a young lady called at Annie's home and claimed the purse, and when she had described the contents, Annie handed it to her saying, "I am glad I have found the owner."

The young lady paid the cost of the advertisement, and presented Annie with a piece of silver.

Annie said afterwards that she had more joy when she found the owner of

the purse than she could possibly have had had she spent all the money on herself.

Annie is in Zion now, and is doing well. *W. A. M.*

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

At one of the schools in St. Louis, numbers of the pupils were in the habit of bringing luncheon with them, which at noon they ate together. Among those who did not go home for dinner, the teacher in a particular room noticed a little girl who always sat looking wistfully at her playmates when they went out with their luncheon, but who never brought any herself. The child was neatly but very plainly clad, and the closest student in school hours. This odd action of the child lasted for some time when one day the teacher noticed that the little thing had apparently brought her dinner. The noon hour came, and the children took their lunch as usual and went out to eat it, the little girl referred to alone remaining in the room, with her dinner wrapped up in a paper on the desk before her. The teacher advanced to the child, and asked her why she did not go out to eat with the rest, at the same time putting out her hand toward the package on the desk. Quick as thought the girl clasped her hands over it, and exclaimed, sobbing, "Don't touch it, teacher; and don't tell, please! it's only blocks." And that was a fact. Having no dinner to bring, and being too proud to reveal the poverty of her family, the child had carefully wrapped up a number of small blocks in paper, and brought the package to present the appearance of a lunch. It was nothing—a mere incident in school life; but it was sufficient to make older and wiser heads than hers feel sad.

LET US CLAMBER OVER THE HILLSIDE.

Duet.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto grazioso.

Gracefully. *f*

Let us clamber ov - er the hill - side, Pass the hours 'Mid wild
Where the cool breeze soft - ly is blow - ing, Here and yonder Let us

flow - ers, Where the foaming wild crystal rills glide, through the bowers, to the
wan - der, While the mild May sun bright is glow - ing, A wild ramble let us

CODA. FINE.

lake.
take. Come, oh come, come, oh come.

Far a - bove the pleasant val - ley, With its meadows, Trees and

Rit.

shadows; Looking down we'll sing and ral - ly, With what pleasure the hours will

pass! Down the hill-side rocks we'll set rolling, And our sing-ing, Wildly

This system contains the first four staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment consists of three staves: a right-hand piano part in treble clef and a left-hand piano part in bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and features a lively, rhythmic melody with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

ringing, As to echoes mocking we're calling, What, oh what can our pleasure sur-

This system contains the next four staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The musical notation and instrumentation remain consistent, with the vocal line and piano accompaniment continuing the lively melody.

pass, can our pleasure surpass, ah! While the ech - oes re -

This system contains the final four staves of music on the page. It includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melisma on the word 're-' with a long, flowing line above it. The piano part includes a trill (tr.) and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

ply - ing, And the mountain birds o'er us are fly - ing; Both to - geth - er we'll

ram - ble, Where grow the wild grapevine and bram - ble, bram - ble.

1ST. 2ND. D. S.

1ST. 2ND. D. S.

CONSISTENCY is an acquired habit and of slow growth. The conditions necessary for its acquisition are right and fixed principles of faith and morals, sincerity, simplicity, singleness of aim, contentment, high temper enough not to be trifled with, honest pride, temperance, and fortitude.

TRUE prosperity depends upon true labor, alike for a nation, a family, and an individual, and all attempts to obtain

the former without giving out the latter, however alluring the prospect, are, in the very nature of things, doomed to certain eventual failure and disgrace.

EXPECT not praise without envy until you are dead. Honors bestowed on the illustrious dead have in them no admixture of envy, for the living pity the dead, and pity and envy, like oil and vinegar, assimilate not.

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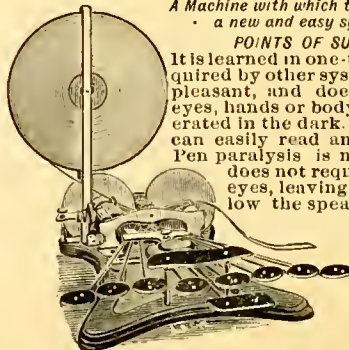
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